One hundred thousand dollars of the $250,000 good roads bonds recently voted at Conroe have been sold and will be used in constructing highways in road district No. 1. Work will begin within thirty days. The remaining $150,000 will be used later.

Stories for Children

HOW BILL CATCHES TURTLES.

In all the creeks and rivers in Missouri turtles are abundant—in all except one, the Blue river, near Kansas City. There the turtle is rapidly becoming extinct and all because of Bill Settles, who follows, perhaps, one of the strangest trades in the world. For Bill Settles, according to his own admission, makes his living through the fact that he is the "champeen barehanded turtle-catcher of America."

Just where Bill first came from even he himself does not seem to know, but about two years ago he arrived at the Blue river, built himself a small, ramshackle shack, and has lived there ever since, earning his living by selling the turtles he catches out of the river by diving.

Settles's method of turtle catching is easy for him. Clad in a rough shirt and trousers, with his shoes split from the mouth to the toe to let the water out, Bill roams the banks of the stream until he sees his victim on a log near the bank. The game is in sight. Bill creeps up as close as possible.

As soon as the turtle sees him and begins to slip in the water Bill dives in after it. Tail, flippers or head, it makes no difference to the turtle hunter; he flounders around in the water until he grasps some part of the turtle's anatomy—and then the fight begins.

The turtle wriggles, scratches, and squirms. Bill puffs and treads water. The turtle is patient. So is Bill. The turtle finally becomes exasperated—that's the term Bill uses—and sticks its head out from under its shell to bite the intruder. And that's what the intruder has been waiting for. With his right hand, upon which he wears a husking glove, Bill grabs the turtle by the neck and starts for the shore.

It's all over then. The turtle can't pull its head back under its shell and it can't bite. The nail-bound glove interferes with all those things, and the rest of the turtle's life consists of being thrown into a gunnysack, hauled to the city in a pushcart with a dozen other turtles, and sold to restaurants and private families.

The price of turtles ranges from 50 cents on up, and on a good day Settles will make as much as $10, $9.50 of which he saves that he may have a sinking fund for the winter.

Bill and his pushcart are familiar on the downtown streets of Kansas City. Always he has a following of small boys—and some men—and always he may be counted upon for street corner lectures of the genus turtle.

"Don't they ever bite you?" some one asked, as Settles pushed his little cart through the streets the other day. The answer of Settles was accompanied by a look of contempt.

"Who? Me?" he asked finally. "Do I look like I'm makin' bait outen myself for them varmints? How kin they bite? Don't I grab 'em by th' neck?"

"Yes; but what's the turtle doing before you grab him?"

"Tryin' to git away, that's what. Just like a snake; run like a house afire till you git 'em cornered. Then they'll scrap. Say, I sure got a mighty fine one this mornin'. Biggest one I ever caught. Looky! Worth $3 if he's worth a cent."

Settles pointed to a gunnysack containing a turtle almost as large as a bushel basket.

"Had an awful scrap with him," he announced. Had to call for help to git him outen the water. But, Lordy, he's wuth it!"

Besides the restaurants, the chief part of Settles's trade is in the more fashionable parts of town—among the "high livers." They are the ones who have learned to eat the fresh water turtles and who say they are really delicious, either as soup, or fried, when they have a taste and tenderness equal to that of spring chicken. And they, too, are the ones who are willing to pay the price Settles asks.—Chicago Tribune.

CAVE 20 MILES LONG.

John M. Gilgore and Robert Reid, woodsmen, report the discovery of a gigantic cave in the heart of the Olympic mountains in the northwest part of Washington.

They describe the cave as being about 20 miles long and half a mile wide in places, with large rooms filled with amazing things. It has an entrance and exit and lies in a region easy of access.

They say they are the first white men to enter the cave, although Indians or prehistoric men may have lived there, for there are numerous human skulls and bones in one room near the south entrance.

The etrance is high enough to permit a man to walk in erect. Once inside Gilgore and Reid found themselves in a room with a low ceiling, but which glistened like glass and was cold and damp.

They found the room to be studded with stalacitites, ten to twenty feet, protruding from the sides of the walls. The floor was composed of damp red sand, and near one side was a small stream, its bed worn out of the solid rock.

Fifty feet further the low room spread out into a court and another larger room with a high ceiling. Over the floor and under the flat rocks ran myriads of lizards and snakes. It appeared to be the wintering place for all the reptiles in the Olympic mountains. The lizards were of every land species and of every size.

Hurrying through this cavern Gilgore and Reid, holding hands for mutual aid and to assure each other confidence, entered a wonderful rotunda with a dome and walls of white silica or lime rock. They estimated the length of this room to be close to 100 feet and from 2,000 to 3,000 feet wide. The ceiling ranges from 0 to 100 feet on the sides to several hundred feet in the domed center.

Following the general trend of the cave the men worked their way for two miles over rocks, across abysses and around pools of water of unknown depth, until they came upon a yawning pit. Here they filled one lantern with a fresh supply of oil and threw the empty bottle into the pit. Reid counted thirty before the bottle was heard striking the rocks on the bottom of the pit.

Once around this deep black hole the men found easy going and came upon another room filled with a strange odor. This was believed to be produced by sulphur bearing rocks in the formation of the walls.

In another room the lanterns were not needed, because phosphorous rocks made everything as bright as day. The air was fresh and sweet here, evidently coming from an aperture in the side of the mountain.

After traversing many miles of the caves they came upon a large room filled with every conceivable noise. Screeches, howls, moanings and sharp reports like explosions rent the air continually. There was not a thing moving to produce the sounds, and it was a terrifying mystery to the woodsmen.

Ten minutes more brought them into a room where many skulls and human bones lay in small piles, as if the room had been used as a vault for the dead. Stone arrow heads and stone mortars were observed.

Hand in hand the two men hurried along and after more than fourteen hours came upon a straight, low-arched passageway and saw daylight through a hole so tiny it looked like a keyhole.

The hole was really the south entrance to the cave and the discoverers found themselves in the mountains again and fully 20 miles from camp.—New York Sun.

LINCOLN IN SCHOOL.

Almost every child when young shows signs of what sort of a person he or she will be when grown up. We all know what a good man Abraham Lincoln was, so we know that he must have been a good boy. But have you ever heard of the sweet kindnesses he did for his friends when he was only a little boy? This story may not seem very important, but it will show you what a fine boy the man was.

Boys and girls of those days simply could not go to school every day, for school was only open about four months of the year. Abe Lincoln only went to school one year of his life, and that year he had to walk a mile each way. One day in this school the teacher said they would have a spelling bee. The children stood up in line, the leaders selected their sides and the bee began. The boys and girls were very bright, and, so the story goes, were good spellers. But one little girl was not so clever as the others. No one had failed up to the time when her turn came, and she was so worried lest she fail.

The teacher said: "Annie, spell defied."

Annie began bravely—"d-e-f" and then stopped. What came next, "e" or "i"? And then Abraham Lincoln pointed to his eye, and the little girl went on—"i-e-d." Perhaps it wasn't quite fair that Lincoln helped her in that way, but he meant only to be kind, so we must judge the deed in that spirit.

CATCHING SHARKS.

Sharks are numerous in Magdalena bay, on the west coast of the peninsula of Lower California, the Pacific rendezvous of the American fleet for target practice. The monsters at this point seem to take almost any kind of bait, and it is rarely that a warship is seen at anchor without from one to a half-dozen lines dangling from its stern.

Watching a shark line is a tedious business, says the Wide World Magazine, but it is strictly necessary in order that the fishermen may know when the monster is hooked, as its frantic rushes, if allowed to go unchecked, are pretty sure to cause some part of the line, leader, or even a portion of its own anatomy to give way and result in its escape.

The old scheme of tieing the line around one's big toe and going to sleep would probably work all right so far as rousing the fisherman was concerned, but the sequel might not leave him in a condition to give undivided attention to landing his prize. To this end the officers and sailors have hit on an ingenious plan. Instead of taking in their lines when the dinner gong sounds or when for any reason they are on duty elsewhere, they run a stout piece of marlin twine from the shark line to the steam whistle, leaving it for the maneater himself to announce the event of his being hooked by sounding a toot.

FEEDING THE GUM CHEWERS.

More tha 30,000,000 sticks of gum are the annual output of American factories. All this stuff is made of chicle, which comes from a gum tree in the tropics, the importation of chicle into the United States figuring up $2,000,000 a year. Prior to 1888 chicle sold for from 7 to 8 cents a pound. The chicle tree is indigenous in northern South American countries, Central America and the Mexican states of Yucatan, Vera Cruz, Oaxaca, Puebla, Jalisco, San Luis Potosi and the territories of the Tepic and Quintana Roo. Experiments have shown that trees planted at a distance of ten feet apart, or 400 to the acre, will yield from five to six pounds of chicle gum when from eight to ten years old. In their wild state the trees are usually found in groups, frequently growing to a height of from 40 to 50 feet.

EARLIEST LOCOMOTIVE.

The earliest successful locomotive in England was completed just 100 years ago. It was named "Puffing Billy." The owner was warned that "if the noise of the engine disturbs the cattle grazing in the lands adjacent to the wagon way (railway), so as to put them off their feed it may be considered a nuisance."

Many bags of wool are being purchased by the commission men of San Angelo and the prices received by the growers is gratifying.